

# Newport Mercury

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# Mercury.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING. OCTOBER 25, 1856.

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## Agriculture.

**FARM.**—Take up leaves from the woods as they fall, and put them in the compost heaps. Cart headings to the measured ash. Have a good supply of materials suitable for bedding, near the stables. Do not attempt to fatten more cattle than you can fully supply with food, or they will not afterwards flourish well, even if fully supplied. Young cattle cannot be brought up in flesh at an outlay which will pay, if neglected early.

Skin old woods of the surface-soil, and replace half its value as manure with lime and ashes in the woods, and both farm and wood-land will gain in the exchange. Get all the night-soil you can, and mix it with head-land, &c., for the compost heaps—

Wet the compost heaps with salt lye from the soap-boilers, if you can get it. Use half a bushel of refuse salts to every cord of compost, to prevent re-germination of weeds, grass, &c., &c.

If you have not sufficient cellar room, make piles of your root crops, beets, turnips, carrots, &c., on high places, and cover with one inch of dry straw, and then with twelve inches of dry soil; leave small openings at the top for escape of air, and dig a trench around the heap with a gutter leading off to a lower spot, thus keeping the pile dry.

Do not forget that corn is more valuable when changed to fat, than when found in the hog manure; and to secure the first condition, cook it before feeding to hogs, or your manure will be very rich, at too high a cost.

Mr. Ellsworth has satisfactorily proved, that one pound of cooked corn, will make more pork than two pounds fed in the raw state.

Have analyses made of your soils, so as to be able to provide the necessary manures during winter, for spring use.

**Working Farmer.**

**BARK-BOUND TREES.**—Some over-wise people have an idea that when a tree gets mossy and bark bound—the latter but another form, for the want of growth and weakness consequent upon neglected cultivation—it is only necessary to slit the bark up and down the stem with a jack-knife, and it will at once spread out and grow.

This is sheer nonsense. Dig about and cultivate the roots, and the bark will take care of itself, with a scraping off of the moss, and a washing of the stem with lye or soap suds, or chamber slops, which last is quite as good. The increased flow of the sap, induced by a liberal feeding of the roots, will do its own bursting of the "bark bound" bark, which is simply its enfeebled condition as a consequence of its poverty of root. No one thinks of turning out a bony, half-starved calf in the spring in the clover field, with the skin on its sides all split through with a knife in order to add to its growth. And this last proposition is quite as sensible and philosophical as the other. Nature takes care of itself in those particulars. Sap in trees is what blood is to animals. Its vigorous flow reaches every part of its composition, and gives to each its proper play and function. We can show frequent instances of a decrepid, shrivelled branch, by the throwing open and manuring of the roots, and a thorough pruning of the top, increased from an inch to two inches diameter in a single season; and without assistance as it grew, bursting and throwing off its old contracted bark as freely as the growth of a vigorous asparagus shoot would develop itself during a warm shower in May.

**American Agriculturist.**

**DRAINAGE.**—Of the importance of drainage as a means of meliorating the soil, most persons are not sufficiently aware—none but those who have witnessed the good effects of this process, can properly appreciate its great benefits; for it has been well and truly said, that by draining, the soil is kept from being too wet, and also preserved from the effects of drought—that it is warmed by the summer showers, and escapes the chilling influence of excessive moisture, and is kept from being baked by excessive heat—that it is percolated by currents of the air—vapors, air, laden with treasures of food for the plants, while at the same time the cutting blasts of wind pass harmlessly over it without drying out all the moisture, and producing excessive cold by evaporation.

**Prof. J. A. Warder.**

**LADY BUGS.**—Whatever else you destroy in the insect line, never injure a lady bug; for its larva, its pupa (two stages of metamorphosis) and its insect state, it feeds upon the *aphis* (the plantlouse or "vine-fretter") that is so pestiferous in gardens and green-house, and even in window-gardening among parlor plants.

Every child knows the lady-bug as well as the zoologist, who calls it "coleopterous," that is, sheet-winged, having its wings under cover of a pair of shells running longitudinally. The wings are of various brilliant colors, generally between orange and deep red. It belongs to the same genus of insects as the beautiful cochineal.—*Louisville Journal*.

## Selected Cal.

**BLANCHE.**  
AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. M. F. MORRISON.

It was the year 1776. Boston wore a military looking appearance. Canons were placed upon its eminence; tents covered the fields, and British troops daily paraded up and down the streets. A laughing, black-eyed girl, of seventeen, stood in the open door of a neat looking cottage, chatting in a lively manner with a British officer. The sparkling orbs of Blanche Evans were evidently a great attraction for the latter, and the young girl did not seem displeased with his compliments.

We do not condemn the taste of the aforesaid officer. No one could look upon the happy, smiling face of Blanche Evans, or listen to her wild, ringing laugh, without wishing to tarry a moment beside her. There was music in her voice, beauty in her countenance, and infinite grace in her motions. Who could help flattery such a being?

"We are getting on finely, Miss Blanche. Our ranks are swelling. Every day we gain accession to our numbers. Of course you congratulate us," observed Major Liston, gallantly.

The major looked attentively at the young girl, thinking that the least possible amount of irony could be perceived in her words.

"Why do you look at me so intently, major?" she added, with a smile; "one would suppose I had undergone a sudden and complete metamorphosis."

"One feature, at least, is not changed," rejoined the officer, a little confused.

"You can say as saucy things as ever. But to tell you the truth, I was studying your countenance to learn if you meant what you said."

"I am astonished that you should doubt anything I say. You certainly know that my father is a tory," answered Blanche, with mock seriousness.

"This is sheer nonsense. Dig about and cultivate the roots, and the bark will take care of itself, with a scraping off of the moss, and a washing of the stem with lye or soap suds, or chamber slops, which last is quite as good. The increased flow of the sap, induced by a liberal feeding of the roots, will do its own bursting of the "bark bound" bark, which is simply its enfeebled condition as a consequence of its poverty of root. No one thinks of turning out a bony, half-starved calf in the spring in the clover field, with the skin on its sides all split through with a knife in order to add to its growth. And this last proposition is quite as sensible and philosophical as the other. Nature takes care of itself in those particulars. Sap in trees is what blood is to animals. Its vigorous flow reaches every part of its composition, and gives to each its proper play and function. We can show frequent instances of a decrepid, shrivelled branch, by the throwing open and manuring of the roots, and a thorough pruning of the top, increased from an inch to two inches diameter in a single season; and without assistance as it grew, bursting and throwing off its old contracted bark as freely as the growth of a vigorous asparagus shoot would develop itself during a warm shower in May.

"It is the kind of action that is needed to make them submit."

"Sure enough," rejoined Blanche, quickly. "I was extremely dull not to have viewed the subject in this light before. But why not take a few companies and march into the country? it would be much more healthy. Besides we could spare you awhile as well as not. Boston is already too much honored by your stay. Perhaps you fear bad treatment; but dare say 'outsiders' would exert themselves to the extent of their power to entertain you," she added, gravely.

Major Liston again looked earnestly at Blanche, but perceiving nothing unusual, he seemed satisfied.

"I should suspect you were wearied of my frequent visits if I heard such opinions expressed often; but even in that case, I should be the greatest loser by being deprived of those witching smiles."

"Sheer flattery, major! I shall 'beat a retreat' if you become too romantic. But seriously, what is the cause of this new dissatisfaction on the part of the patriots? With what other trouble are they threatened?"

"I presume you refer to that day of fasting the rebels appointed. I should suppose they fasted often enough without putting themselves to the trouble to name a particular day; provisions are scarce enough with them, at all events. Well, while the rustics were assembling and having some kind of performances within, a few of our men amused themselves with the harmless and innocent pleasure of beating drums, and blowing fifes. These infatuated people had the assurance to be offended at

this trifling thing, and instead of being grateful for the music furnished gratis, mere scoundrels put themselves into a great passion! They deserve to be severely punished for such unheard of insolence!" exclaimed the major indignantly.

"They do indeed," replied Blanche, gravely. "Why not give them a few shots the first pleasant day?"

"All in good time, Mrs. Evans, all in good time. The rebels, no doubt, would scatter like frightened sheep. But they will hear from us yet, and soon, if my suspicions are correct. Gen. Gage has already given orders to fortify Bunker Hill; so you perceive that something is meditated. By the way, is your father within? I would speak with him upon this subject."

"He is much interested, and will no doubt be glad to hear the news. But stop a moment, Miss Blanche," added the major, in busious like tone, as the young girl made a movement to enter the house. "I fear I shall never have a better opportunity to tell you my thoughts than at present. You already know I like your company, and think you quite a handsome young lady. Wouldn't you like to become Mrs. Major Liston?" enquired the officer in a condescending tone.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied Blanche, firmly.

"Advance friend, and give the pass-word," he added.

"I have no countersign. I wish to speak with one of the rebel officers," pursued our heroine.

"There are no rebels here, boy, and none can pass without the usual sign. I shall be obliged to arrest you," answered the sentinel sternly.

"I should prefer not to have you," said Blanche, laughing; "it wouldn't be pleasant. But it is imperatively necessary that I should see an officer. I have valuable news to communicate," she added, more seriously.

"What officer would you see?" asked the guard.

"Colonel Murray," she replied.

"Well as you are a bright looking boy, and appear to be honest, I will direct you to him as soon as I am relieved from guard, which will be very soon. But while we wait tell me what the British are doing in the town. Is anything new transpiring?" he continued.

"I am not at liberty to speak of their plans, and it would be very wrong for me to assert that some new course of action is meditated. Don't you think so?" rejoined Blanche, gravely.

"Very well, Miss Evans, it is not at all necessary for you to stop to say 'yes'; now Another time will do just as well." And the major complacently followed the young girl into the cottage, where he was soon joined by her father.

Closing the door upon them, Blanche softly left the house, and placed herself cautiously beneath the window. It was raised a little, and she could distinctly hear all that was said.

"Eaves-dropping is detestable in any one," thought Blanche; "but I think my reasons will justify me in practicing it once."

It is unnecessary to detail what was said between the major and Mr. Evans, suffice it that Blanche learned more than enough to serve the purpose she had in view. Fearing discovery, she hastily left her station and re-entered the cottage.

Upon the evening of the same day a young lad might have been seen walking with quick steps, in the direction of Boston Neck. After walking a considerable distance, he was stopped on the Neck by a sentinel's demand of,

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied the lad, averted his face. At this moment a sudden breeze of wind blew the cap, which was but imperfectly fastened, from his head, when a perfect shower of dark brown earth covered the shoulders of the lad.

Up the door upon them, Blanche softly left the house, and placed herself cautiously beneath the window. It was raised a little, and she could distinctly hear all that was said.

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## Special Notices.

*Editor's Balance of WILD CHERRY.*  
From the *Editor of the Vermont Journal*, June 20, 1855.

**CHOICE & FRESH GROCERIES.**

NEWTON BROTHERS have just received par-

cel of new and like Groceries, in which they

will be sure to satisfy their customers.

Persons personally known to us have

been invited to have a seat at our table.

Persons who have not been invited to have

a seat at our table, are welcome to have

a seat at our table, in the hope of being in-

formed of the importance of our gro-

ceries.

SETH W. POWELL & CO., Importers,

Boston, proprietors, by MAHAN & CO.,

ASWELL, Newport, and by Druggists generally,

Wine & Spirit, &c.

